

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



CAPTAIN CHUBB'S VISIT TO HIS BROTHER VAL.

LOMBARDY COURT:

A STORY OF THE CITY AND THE SEA.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CROSS PURPOSES.

"My mind is troubled like a fountain stir'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it."

—*Shakespeare.*

CAPTAIN CHUBB was not a good pedestrian. He had an objection to thick boots, and he found the London pavement hard under his pumps after

the elastic deck to which he was accustomed; but he walked up one street and down another after he emerged from Columba Villa for more than half an hour without reflecting where he was going or what he was doing. At length he halted at the corner of one of the main thoroughfares, and seemed to hesitate which direction he should take, whether city-wards or the contrary, and having made up his mind he turned his steps towards the west, and made his way at a slower pace towards Vernon Place.

No. 1375.—MAY 4, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

They were always glad to see him there, and they thought him in very good spirits that evening at first, but rather excited and odd, flashing up sometimes in a way that amused them, and then subsiding into silence and thought. He told them of his interview with Mr. Huxtable, but affected to make light of what he had said.

"You need not care about Mr. Huxtable," John said. "Mr. Goldie is the person to apply to."

But the captain did not respond to that remark, which seemed to give him more pain than pleasure.

"Oh yes," he answered, "Mr. Goldie is the man, of course; when I want a ship from Goldie Brothers I shall go straight to Mr. Goldie and say so; but that will not be just yet."

Reggie was delighted to hear it; he had been so afraid the captain would be going off to sea again at once, and leaving them behind. He sat down by Captain Chubb and hooked his arm in his, and looked supremely happy at having got hold of him and at the prospect of keeping him for some time longer. But even that did not altogether please the captain this time. In short, the more they tried to express their pleasure at the result of the inquiry and at the well-earned holiday which the skipper proposed to take on shore after the fatigues and dangers of his late voyage, the less he seemed to appreciate their congratulations. He told them nothing about his interview with Mr. Upperly, or Mr. Goldie's remarks, as interpreted and reported by that official, or they would have been better able to understand his humour.

"Yes," he said, after a few moments of gloomy silence, "I shall stay on shore a bit now, and enjoy myself if I can. I have a brother down at Littlebar on the south coast, and a little bit of property there, and I must go and see after them both. When I come back I shall go cruising about in London a bit, looking up my old messmates, and trying to find out something about that unfortunate vessel that has done us all so much damage."

Already for two or three weeks past Captain Chubb had been living in a small lodging on Little Tower Hill for convenience of being near the Docks, and had only come as far as Vernon Place occasionally. They must not expect to see him quite so often now, he told them. Reggie must come and visit him instead, after his return from Littlebar. He should not take another ship at present if it were offered him, but wait and see how matters turned out. If he got restless he should perhaps apply for the command of a penny Citizen upon the river, and if he did that Reggie should be his call-boy. The navigation would be difficult and new to him, and he should perhaps run over a wherry or two before he got used to it. There would be a collision very likely, and some people drowned, but it would not signify much, he supposed, it would be only like knocking two bottles together and spilling the wine. Nothing signified nowadays. The only plan was to take care of yourself and go right ahead and make no account of anybody!

It was very unlike the skipper, this way of talking, and wholly at variance with his usual manner and conduct. Of course he was joking, but no one laughed at his jokes, and he himself seemed to grow serious again as soon as they had fallen from his lips. He did not stay long and went away abruptly, without waiting for supper. He did not even shake hands with them, but merely said "good night" as

he rose and quitted the room, as if he expected to see them all again the first thing next morning. Reggie ran after him, and the captain turned then and put his arm round his neck lovingly, and bade him be a good boy, and take good care of his mother, and as soon as he returned from Littlebar he would let him know.

"You will come here, of course," said Reggie, "directly."

"I don't know," said the captain; "I'll write you a line at all events, and you can come and see me instead." And then he stumped off into the darkness and walked on till an omnibus overtook him, in one corner of which he ensconced himself, very tired and footsore.

Captain Chubb was exercised with weighty plans and purposes as he rolled over the stones on his way to the East End. In the first place he thought to himself he must see Chalk and obtain from him an explanation of his extraordinary behaviour at the inquiry, and learn whether there was any foundation for the report which Mr. Upperly had mentioned, that the black man had been left on board the *Daphne* after he himself and all the rest of the crew had quitted the deck. He did not believe this for a moment. Still it was not impossible that such might have been the case. Whether it were so or not, no blame could be attributed to Captain Chubb, for he had himself ordered him over the side, and had called to him even at the last moment; and it was impossible, in the darkness and hurry, to observe the movements of each of the crew individually. To say that Chalk had been overlooked or uncared for because he was a nigger and unpopular in the ship was a hateful suggestion which could only have originated with some one of a mean and contemptible disposition; nor would anybody have been found to credit or repeat it except from motives of enmity towards Captain Chubb, who, for his part, was not aware that he had an enemy in the world. Chalk had disappeared immediately after the inquiry, and had not been heard of since. He had been seen with Mr. Huxtable. Where he had betaken himself subsequently the skipper did not know. He supposed, however, that there would be no great difficulty in finding him.

The second weighty matter which Captain Chubb had upon his mind, as has been already hinted, was a visit to his native place, a small fishing town and port on the south coast, called Littlebar. Captain Chubb's father and grandfather had been fishermen in a large way, as people expressed it. It had been large enough for them, at all events, and had enabled them to bring up their children respectably, and to leave the freehold of the house in which they had been born to the eldest son to dwell in. For two or three generations past the eldest son had inherited the business with the boats and everything belonging to it, while the younger branches had generally taken to a seafaring life, some in the navy and others in the merchant service. Captain Chubb, being a younger son, had gone to sea at an early age as an apprentice, and had risen, through his "luck," as people said, rapidly, but by the usual grades, to his present position.

The motive which led the skipper now to contemplate a run down to Littlebar was twofold. In the first place, he wanted to see his brother and his brother's sons, who were big lads by this time, and able to earn their own living if they had a chance;

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and in the second place, he wanted to get a satisfactory account of his own ways and means, and to know what he had to depend upon if it should be necessary or desirable for him to remain for any length of time ashore. His brother had not been steady; he had got into bad habits; and the captain, who had already had some trouble with him, was afraid, from the difficulty he had experienced in getting information about him, that matters were not improving. Two years ago the elder brother had been in such difficulties that he had mortgaged the house, or, as the captain characterised it, pawned his birthright. He would have lost it altogether, but the skipper, who had saved money, paid off the mortgage, and in the end purchased the house in order to retain it in the family. Since then the elder brother, who continued to live in it, had neglected to pay the moderate rent which had been agreed upon. And as the captain was now in want of all the revenues that he could raise, he thought it necessary to go down to Littlebar to see what could be done about it.

The captain reached his lodging upon Tower Hill, tired and jaded; but when he threw himself upon his little bed he found no sleep, but passed the night fretting and fuming as he thought over the events of the day past and the impertinence of Mr. Upperly, which, however, would not have caused him the slightest annoyance if it had not been for the insight which it appeared to give him of Mr. Goldie's mind and feeling towards him. As soon as it was light he rose up, and, after a hasty breakfast, went forth in search of Chalk.

Chalk, however, was nowhere to be found. The skipper could not learn that he had taken another berth. On the contrary, he knew that he had found a difficulty in obtaining one, because he insisted on taking his three-legged dog with him. It was possible he might have gone to one of the other great ports—Bristol or Liverpool, perhaps—in search of a berth; but it was strange that he should do so without letting the captain know of his intention. He was a curious creature, however, this Chalk; there was no accounting for anything he might do. After three days' inquiry and search among the sailors' homes and other customary haunts of seafaring men, the captain could come to no other conclusion than that Chalk had either left the neighbourhood of the Docks, or was purposely concealing himself and avoiding him. He gave up therefore the attempt to discover him for the present, and turned his thoughts towards Littlebar.

The captain had a great aversion to railway travelling. Strange as it may appear, he never could feel comfortable or safe in a railway-carriage. It was perhaps the only place or condition which inspired him with apprehension for his own personal safety. He was not sure that it was right for men to go flying through the air at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. It was like tempting Providence, he thought. If he could have had his choice he would far rather have slipped down the Thames and round the coast in a cutter, or some other small craft, than have ventured into the train at Waterloo. But it would have been a week's voyage at least, and besides, there was no traffic by sea to the port for which he was bound. He chose a slow train, therefore, and, starting at six o'clock in the morning, arrived at his destination about the same hour in the evening, though the distance was not above a hundred and twenty miles,

as our readers may see by "Bradshaw," if they can find Littlebar in the time-table.

Arrived at last, he took his bag from under the seat where it had been stowed away, and was walking off with it, when a little boy ran up to him and offered to carry it for him for a copper. The skipper laughed at the idea of giving his heavy bag to be carried by a little urchin not half his own height, but on second thoughts surrendered it to the boy's care, having made up his mind to give him sixpence, and thinking it better that he should earn it than have it for nothing. The boy put the bag upon his shoulder and trudged on with evident satisfaction, though it was all that he could do to carry it and keep up with its owner.

"Do you know Mr. Chubb's?" the skipper asked.

"Chubb? Vol Chubb? Yes, sir—s' think I did—Ship Street."

"That's where I am going."

"Go in Vol Chubb's boat, s' times I do," the boy gasped out, panting under his burthen.

"Take your time, boy," said the skipper. "You go a fishing in Val's boat, do you?"

"Yes, sir; father too," the boy replied, scarcely able to speak for want of breath.

"There, give me hold of one handle of the bag," said the captain, "and you take the other."

The boy would have resisted, but he had no wind left for remonstrance, so he tugged manfully at his handle of the bag, lifting with all his might, resolved to carry the weight himself, though the "gentleman" might have a hand upon it just for show, and went on in silence puffing and blowing more than before.

"It's like ploughing with an ox and an ass," said the skipper half aloud. "It is not a right thing to do."

"Which is the ox, sir?" the boy asked, slyly.

"You are not," the captain answered; "but there, there's a shilling for you. You are a plucky little man. What's your name?"

"Dim Sto," said the boy. "Thank ye, sir. Oh, my!" and he spat upon the shilling for luck.

"Jim Stokes do you mean?" the captain asked.

The boy nodded.

"Well, Jim, you can go now. I'll carry the bag."

"No, thank ye, sir; I'll take it," said the boy, resolutely.

"Well, then, Jim, take your time with it, do you hear? You know where it is to go to. I'll walk on. Don't hurry; you'll be sure to bring it safely, won't you?"

"Sh'd think I would," said Jim, looking much relieved, and at the same time gratified.

The skipper looked into the boy's face and felt that he might trust him, and without more ado stepped out as well as he could, and arrived in the course of a few minutes at his brother's house.

CHAPTER XXXV.—MIDDLIN'.

"There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a'."—*Mickle.*

VOL CHUBB, as he was usually called, was, in regard to his Christian name, the victim of circumstances. No one knew exactly what his Christian name was. He had been taken to the church to be baptized on a certain fourteenth of February, and his sponsors had thought it becoming and appropriate to commemo-

rate the event by giving him the name of Valentine. But the rector of the parish, who was an old bachelor, and had been made the subject of some foolish practical jokes through the post on that particular day, resented the proposal, and when the name was given answered hastily, "Nonsense; call him John." And without further ceremony gave him the name of John at once, and concluded the "office." The parents and sponsors, who had not intended anything disrespectful to the old rector, were annoyed at the proceeding, and argued among themselves afterwards whether the child's name was Valentine or John, or whether he had really any name at all. It was their place, they said, to choose the name, not the rector's. They were not so over-particular about Valentine, but they did not like John. Two short names did not go well together. John Chubb had a queer, unpleasant sound, and reminded them of John Dory. The rector ought to have given them another chance, instead of pouncing down upon the child in that way. That was true enough, but the rector was a privileged person, an eccentric character, but a favourite generally among the fishermen, and took great liberties with them. He was gone to his rest long ago, but the question of Chubb's name was still unsettled. Everybody called him Vol or Val, and there had been a difficulty as to his identity when the house and other property was bequeathed to him under his father's will, but his legal name was John, though his eldest son was duly christened Valentine, "after" him.

Mrs. Val opened the door to Captain Chubb after he had knocked two or three times, and stared at him as if she had seen a ghost. She was a tall bony woman, with a loud voice; slatternly in her appearance, but with good features and sharp black eyes, with which it was said she had fascinated poor Val Chubb when he was little more than a boy, and had ruled over him ever since. "It was not his fault, poor fellow," some of his neighbours said, "that he was fond of getting away to the Fisherman's Arms." But they would probably have said the same of themselves, so their testimony was not of much value. It was true, however, that Val Chubb's home was not made so comfortable for him as it might have been, but it may be questioned also whether he would have appreciated the comfort if it had been offered. There were faults on both sides, no doubt, and care and trouble and misery on both sides in consequence.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Val, polishing her face hastily with her apron, and setting her cap straight (she would not have done so much as that, even, for her husband), "if it isn't the captain! I declare I did not know you."

"How is Val?" said the skipper.

"Val? Oh, he's middlin'."

"And how are the boys?"

"Oh, they're middlin', thank you."

"And how are you yourself—?" He was going to add "my dear," as would have been right according to his notion to a brother's wife, but there was something in the woman's look which repelled him. He had never liked her, but he tried to be kind and affectionate. Still, "my dear" seemed to stick in his throat just then. So he contented himself with repeating, "How are you yourself?"

"I'm middlin', too, thank you," she replied; "very middlin'."

"You seem to be all in the middlin's," said the skipper, cheerfully. "I hope there's nothing the matter."

"Oh, no; nothing particular. How are you, Captain Chubb—are you middlin'?"

"No, thank God," said the captain, "I'm quite well in health, only a bit tired just now."

"Won't you come in and sit down?" she asked.

Oh yes; Captain Chubb would go in, of course, and sit down too. He had come from London on purpose to do that and to see Val. But Mrs. Val blocked up the passage with her person, and scarcely moved out of the way even after she had uttered her tardy invitation. She retreated slowly to her parlour, however, her loose down-trodden shoes slapping the naked floor slowly at every step, like castanets in a dead march, and the skipper followed her. The parlour looked dreary and comfortless, so different from what Captain Chubb remembered it years ago when he was a boy at home there—when it was only used on Sundays and high festivals, and was as bright and cheerful as any "best room" that he had ever entered since. The carpet was ragged and dirty, and not large enough for the room; the furniture was covered with dust; there were glasses on the table smeared and sticky; and there was a general appearance of untidiness and neglect everywhere.

"If I had known you were coming I would have cleaned up a bit," said Mrs. Chubb, morosely, as if he had done her an injury by taking her at a disadvantage.

"Where's Val?" the captain asked, without heeding her remark. "Is he in the boat?"

"No; Val is not out to-day. The boys are gone instead. Val will be in presently."

"I have not seen him for three years," said the captain. "If you know where he is I'll step out and look for him."

"You had better sit down and wait a bit. I'll find him presently," she answered, moodily.

Captain Chubb went to the door and looked up the street and down it. He saw Jim Stokes arriving with the bag and took it from him, then walked to the end of the street and looked out over the sea. Returning after a few minutes he heard his brother's voice upstairs, and presently his footsteps descending. Mrs. Chubb was talking to him in a subdued voice (for her), and he was answering her roughly.

"I'm all right," he said. "What about Joe?"

"Your brother Joe, the captain; he's come to see you," Mrs. Chubb explained.

"Brother Joe! Where's he come from? Where's he gone to?"

"He'll be here in a minute," Mrs. Chubb replied, and then the questioning was repeated.

"Poor Val!" said the captain to himself, "I wish I had not come just now. What a pity it is! He was such a nice fellow. Perhaps I had better go away and come in again by-and-by."

While he was hesitating Val caught sight of him standing in the passage, and came straight downstairs and caught him by the hand. His face was flushed, and there was a dull, heavy look about the eyes, but the sight of his brother seemed to have sobered him, and the effort he made to disguise his condition was tolerably successful. Tea was prepared, and they sat for an hour or two, talking over old times and old friends.

"Where are you stopping, captain?" Mrs. Chubb asked, after a time, glancing at the skipper's bag, which lay in a corner of the room.

"Stopping!" cried her husband. "Where should he stop? Why here, to be sure."

"Oh, of course," she answered, with a significant look at her husband—"of course, if the captain likes it; if he can put up with such accommodation as we have."

"I could put up with much worse," said the captain; "and if you can make room for me, I shall like to stay here, of course. I should not feel at home anywhere else, and it would look strange."

Mrs. Val said she would make him as comfortable as she could, but muttered something about things not being as they were. They had had to part with some of their furniture, as he could see. She would have said more, but her husband bade her roughly "hold her noise," and she did so—for the present.

"We have been very unlucky lately," said he, looking at the floor—"very unlucky."

"How is that?" the captain asked.

"I don't know; everything seems to have gone wrong. Times are hard."

"Some men are always unlucky, and some are always lucky," Mrs. Val remarked. "You were always one of the lucky ones, Captain Chubb, while your poor brother—ah!"

She shook her head spitefully, as if she thought the captain had done his brother an injustice by inheriting his share of the family luck as well as his own.

"I have not been very lucky, as you call it, lately," said the captain. "You have heard about the Daphne, I suppose?"

"Yes, I heard," said Val. "I saw something in the papers, too, about the inquiry. But you were all right, as usual."

"I'm not all right, though," said the captain. "I shall not be all right just yet. I cannot take another ship till something more comes out about that collision."

"What's to hinder you?" Val asked.

"Well, my own feelings, perhaps, as much as anything."

"I should not mind my feelings if I was you, Joe," said Val. "It don't do to give way to one's feelings. If you take my advice you'll just do the best you can for yourself, and not care for anybody."

Captain Chubb felt angry at first, but passed it off with a laugh. Val was his elder brother, and had always been in the habit of lecturing him and giving him good advice.

"I suppose you can afford to do as you like," Val went on. "It's a great thing to be independent. You have nobody but yourself to think of, that's a comfort."

"I don't know about its being a comfort," said the captain, looking his brother straight in the face.

"You would, then, if you were in my place," Val replied, "with a wife and two big lads to provide for."

"I should be proud to have two such sons as yours, Val; and as for providing for them, they are able and willing to provide for themselves by what I hear. Where are they now?"

Val made no answer. His two sons were out in the boat earning money, which it was but too probable their father would dissipate in drink and idleness.

"They are good boys, those sons of yours," the captain said, after a pause.

"Yes," Mrs. Chubb replied; "they are good boys, captain, and I wish they were at home for you to see

them; I hope you will be a friend to them, for they are your own brother's sons, and they have nobody else to look to, and you have nobody else to think of."

This was plain speaking, but the captain for once did not like it.

"They will learn to take care of themselves," he said; "that has always been the way with our family."

"Of course," she answered; "still you know they are your own nephews, an't they? And blood is thicker than water, or ought to be, and you are a lone man, Captain Chubb."

"If I am a lone man now," the captain answered, hastily, "it does not follow that I shall remain so. Why should not I marry as well as other people?"

"I go by what I have heard you say," the woman answered. "'A sailor's wife is his ship,' that has always been your motto."

"I shall change my motto some day, perhaps," the captain answered, sturdily, to show his independence. "I have got no ship now, so I'm free to do as I will."

"I did hear something about a widow," Mrs. Chubb observed, severely, "but I didn't believe it. About a widow and a family of two or three already. Some friends of ours wrote from London and told us, but I would not believe a word of it. I should not believe it now, not if you was to tell me so yourself."

"I am not going to tell you anything of the kind," the captain answered, turning very red. "I beg you will never talk of such a thing."

"Of course, I knew there was nothing in it," Mrs. Chubb answered; but she was not quite satisfied yet.

"I don't say there is and I don't say there is not," the captain answered, his instinctive hatred of anything like dissimulation prevailing for the moment over every other feeling. "You may think what you like about it, but I beg you will not talk until you have some reason."

"No offence, Captain Chubb," said the woman. "I don't want to talk; it an't my way; and I'm sure we are all very glad to see you, married or single. It need not make any difference to us. You would not want to turn us out of house and home, I suppose. You would not wish to bring the widow and her family down here."

"No," said the captain; "I should not think of disturbing you whatever happened, but nothing is going to happen so far as I know."

"You must look over the house to-morrow," said Mrs. Chubb. "It's getting sadly out of repair. It has never had anything done to it since you bought it off poor Val. The wet comes in, and the chimneys smoke whenever the wind is high, and it's a very ill-convenient place in many ways."

"I shall be willing to keep it in repair, of course," said the captain, "but I hope, brother, you will be able in return to help me with the rent just now. I did not mind so much about it while I had a ship and all that, but I shall want all I can raise now. I am going to spend some money in advertising, and shall, perhaps, have to go about a little on my own account to find out something about that ship that ran into the Daphne. That's what I have set myself to do now."

"What need to bother yourself about that?" Val asked. "Take another ship at once; I should. That's my advice."

"I can't, Val; I can't."

"Yes, you can. It's all pride; nothing but pride. I hate pride."

"Well, you must humour me a little if it is, Val. And you must do what you can to help me with the rent. I want it or I would not ask for it."

"It is not much that I can do," Val answered. "I don't know where money is to come from, I'm sure. I have hard work now to pay my way at all, let alone rent; and if you were to turn us out of the house you would not be any better off; you would not be likely to find another tenant. We do keep it aired for you."

"No," said Mrs. Chubb, "I don't know who else would like to live in it, I'm sure," and she began to repeat her complaints of the inconveniences and dilapidations.

"You must try to let me have something," said the captain, as if he were asking for charity. "It's nothing but right, you know. You will do what you can to help me, Val, won't you?"

"We can go to the workhouse," said Mrs. Val, in a lugubrious tone; "it an't what I am accustomed to, nor what I ought to look for, but we can go there if it will do any good. It's large enough, the workhouse is. We can go there, and the boys with us."

"Nonsense!" cried the captain, indignantly. He would have said more, but Val was his elder brother. He had always been used to look up to him, and the sentiment had not yet lost its power. Moreover, he fancied Val was annoyed at his wife's foolish remarks, though he agreed with her apparently in her unwillingness to promise any payment of the rent.

"Come out and have a walk along the shore, Val," he said, by way of changing the subject. "We shall be able to arrange matters between ourselves, I dare say."

THE SERPENT LEGENDS OF YORKSHIRE.

ACCORDING to old traditions and old songs, dragons and large serpents in olden days have been numerous in our land. They are frequently represented as having done a great amount of mischief to the rustic population, and finally to have met with their own destruction at the hands of some chivalrous knight clad in complete steel. Whatever may have been the origin of this snake faith, it cannot have been acquired by the doings of such puny representatives of the race as are to be found on our British moors and woods. What is still more remarkable, almost all these legends, slightly varied in form, are also to be found in the folk-lore of India and Persia; they are paralleled in the battle of Perseus with the sea monster, of Hercules with the Hydra, of Apollo with the Python, and in many another dreadful dragon myth of a later age, that of our own great St. George, of course, at the head of the list. The probability is that these purely ideal beings are the remnants of serpent-worship, one of the earliest and most prevalent superstitions of the ancient world, traces of which may yet be found in India, Egypt, Judea, Greece, Italy, and which yet exists in full vitality amongst the Dahomans and Whidans of Western Africa. But it has been supposed, and not without reason, that our old ballad-writers and ballad-

singers, or minstrels, in earlier times, under metrical legends, also shadowed forth some powerful oppressor as a dragon or serpent, some scourge of the people, or local tyrant, whom they durst not name by his proper title; and some popular champion who vindicated the people's rights and slew the dragon.

The old kingdom of Northumbria appears to have been much infested with dragons, serpents, and "laidly worms." There was a famous laidly worm at Spindleston Heugh, near Bamburgh.

"For seven miles east and seven miles west,
And seven miles north and south,
No blade of grass or corn could grow,
So venomous was her mouth."

There is a popular legend relating to the Lambton family in the county of Durham, according to which no chief of the Lambtons should die in his bed for seven—some say nine—generations, simply because he was descended from a Lambton who succeeded in destroying a snake or worm which infested his fatherland. The manor of Sockburn-on-Tees, held of the bishops of Durham, is said to be held by the tenure of presenting the bishop, on the middle of Croft Bridge, with an ancient sword, and repeating the following words: "My Lord Bishop, I here present you with the falchion wherewith the champion Conyers slew the worm, dragon, or fiery-flying serpent, which destroyed man, woman, and child; in memory of which the king then reigning gave him the manor of Sockburn, to hold by this tenure, that, upon the first entrance of every bishop into the county, this falchion should be presented." Upon which the bishop takes the falchion in his hand and immediately returns it to the person who presented it, wishing the lord of Sockburn health and a long enjoyment of the manor. The three dragons above mentioned belong, the first to Northumberland, the other two to the county of Durham.

We propose, however, to devote this paper to the most noted of the Yorkshire dragons, and to that end all the statements or hints of authorities have been corroborated by inquiries on the spots where the serpents or "worms" are said to have existed.

THE SERPENT OF HANDALE.

Handale is in the parish of Lofthouse, in Cleveland. A small abbey of Benedictine nuns was founded there in 1133, by William, son of Richard de Percy, no remains of which now exist. The situation is truly delightful and picturesque; the sea, only three miles distant, adds variety to the scene, while the profound seclusion of the woods, the deep solitude and repose of the glens, and the quiet and retirement around, carry back the thoughts to that remote period when—

"Their bells were heard at evening swelling clear,
By pilgrims wandering o'er the heath-clad hill."

In ancient times these quiet woods were infested by a huge serpent, possessed of most singular fascinating powers, which used to beguile young damsels from the paths of truth and duty, and afterwards feed on their dainty limbs. At this time there lived in these parts a brave and gallant youth named Scaw, who felt greatly incensed at the ravages which the serpent made amongst his fair acquaintances, and determined to destroy the vile monster or perish in the attempt. Therefore, amid the tears and prayers of his friends and sweethearts, he buckled on his armour and pro-

ceeded to the serpent's cave. Striking the rock with his sword, the reptile immediately issued from his den, breathing fire from his nostrils, and rearing high his crested head to transfix the bold intruder with his poisonous sting. Nothing daunted, the young hero fought bravely, and, after a long and severe contest, succeeded in killing the monster. Young Scaw forthwith married an earl's daughter found in the cave, and thus by his valour rescued from a cruel death, by which marriage he obtained vast estates. The wood where he slew the serpent is called "Scaw Wood" to this day, and the stone coffin in which he was buried is yet shown near the site of the priory.

THE WORM OF SEXHOW.

Sexhow is a small hamlet or township in the parish of Rudby, some four miles from the town of Stokesley, in Cleveland. Upon a round knoll at this place a most pestilential dragon or worm took up its abode; whence it came or what was its origin no one knew. So voracious was its appetite that it took the milk of nine cows daily to satisfy its cravings, but we have not heard that it required any other kind of food. When not sufficiently fed, the hissing noise it made alarmed all the country round about; and, worse than that, its breath was so strong as to be absolutely poisonous, and those who breathed it died. This state of things was unbearable, the country was becoming rapidly depopulated. At length the monster's day of doom dawned: a knight, clad in complete armour, passed that way, whose name or country no one knew; and, after a hard fight, slew the monster and left it dead upon the hill, and then passed on his way. He came, he fought, he won; and then he went away. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Sexhow took the skin of the monster worm and suspended it in a church over the pew belonging to the hamlet of Sexhow, where it long remained a trophy of the knight's victory and their own deliverance from the terrible monster.

THE DRAGON OF LOSCHY WOOD.

In the church of Nunnington, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is an ancient tomb, surmounted by the figure of a knight in armour in a recumbent posture, the legs crossed, the feet resting against a dog, the hands apparently clasping a heart, but no inscription to determine to whom it belongs. The traditional account current in the neighbourhood is that it is the tomb of Peter Loschy, a famous warrior, whose last exploit was killing a huge serpent or dragon which infested the country, and had its den on a wooded eminence called Loschy Hill, near East Newton, in the parish of Stonegrave. The details of the combat, as related by tradition, are as follows. Having determined to free the country from the pest, the redoubted Peter Loschy had a suit of armour prepared, every part of it covered with razor-blades set with the edges outwards, and thus prepared, armed only with his sword, and accompanied by a faithful dog, he went forth to seek the destroyer, which he quickly found in a thicket on Loschy Hill. The dragon, glad of another victim, darted upon the armed man, notwithstanding a wound from his sword, and folded itself around his body, intending, no doubt, as it had often done before, to squeeze its victim to death, and afterwards to devour it at leisure; but in this it was disappointed; the razor-blades were keen, and pierced it in every part, and it quickly uncoiled itself again, when, to the

great surprise of the knight, soon as it rolled on the ground its wounds instantly healed, and it was strong and vigorous as ever, and a long and desperate fight ensued between the knight and the serpent without much advantage to either. At length the sword of the knight severed a large portion of the serpent, which the dog quickly snatched up in his mouth and ran across the valley with nearly a mile, and there left it on a hill near Nunnington Church, and immediately returned to the scene of combat, and snatching up another fragment cut off in the same manner, conveyed it to the same place, and returned again and again for other fragments until they were all removed, the last portion conveyed being the poisonous head. The knight now rejoicing at his victory, stooped to pat and praise his faithful dog; the latter, overjoyed, looked up and licked the knight's face, when, sad to relate, the poison of the serpent imbibed by the dog was inhaled by the knight, and he fell down dead in the moment of victory, and the dog also died by the side of his master. The villagers buried the body of the knight in Nunnington Church, and placed a monument over the grave, on which were carved the figures of the knight and his faithful dog to witness the truth of the story.

THE SERPENT OF SLINGSBY.

Slingsby, a small parish town in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is distinguished for three things: the ruins of a castle, a maypole, and the tradition of an enormous serpent. The castle is comparatively modern, but nevertheless a splendid ruin. The maypole, one among the dozen yet remaining in Yorkshire, reminds us of a time now for ever passed away. Our business is with the serpent alone. The road through Slingsby from Hovingham to Malton, instead of proceeding in a direct line, to which there is no natural obstacle, makes a singular and awkward bend to the right. This deviation was observed by Roger Dodsworth, the antiquary; and in reply to his inquiries he received the following story. "The tradition is that between Malton and this town there was sometime a serpent that lived upon prey of passengers, which this Wyvill and his dog did kill, when he received his death-wound. There is a great hole half a mile from the town, round within, three yards broad and more, where the serpent lay. In which time the street was turned a mile on the south side, which does still show itself if any takes pains to survey it." This tradition, written down in 1619, by one of the most painstaking of antiquaries, is current among the villagers to this day, who yet point out the place where the serpent had its den, declaring that the said serpent was a mile in length; and in support of this story point to the effigies of Wyvill and his dog yet remaining in their church. Both Wyvill and his dog perished in the fight, or died soon afterwards, and were commemorated by this monument. Dodsworth saw it, and says, when speaking of Slingsby Church, "There is in the choir a monument cross-legged of one of the Wyvills, at his feet a talbot coursing."

THE SERPENT OF KELLINGTON.

Kellington, a village about six miles from Pontefract, had a common which in early times was infested by a large serpent, which would not allow anything to graze upon it in peace. At length it was encountered in fight by a shepherd and his dog,

and, after a terrible combat, slain, the shepherd and his dog also perishing in the conflict. The inhabitants of Kellington showed their gratitude by erecting a monument in the churchyard, and carving thereon a representation of the shepherd and his dog.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

Another noted Yorkshire dragon was the "Dragon of Wantley," the fame of which survives in the old ballad included by Bishop Percy in his collection. The ballad, however, is a bold, outspoken, characteristic description of some event in real life, wrapped up in the allegorical form of a fight between a knight and a dragon. When it was first written, we have not the least doubt but the dragon and More of More Hall were well-known characters in all the valley of the Don, from noisy Sheffield to the quiet Carlcotes, and "over all the Wortleys' wide domains." The oppressor is personified as a dragon, and the vanquisher comes like a brave knight-errant, and kills, after a long and hard fight, the strong, overbearing monster. The ballad is generally as well as locally satirical. Sir Thomas Wortley is said to have been the dragon, and some freeholders whom he sought to oppress in the matter of tithes the victims; and More of More Hall was the leader of the freeholders in a law-suit in which the tyrant knight was defeated. As the ballad is well known and of easy access, we only extract the description of the combatants.

"The dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four-and-forty teeth of iron;
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ."

The arms and appearance of the dragon's antagonist are thus described. His new armour was obtained at Sheffield town,—

gonist are thus described. His new armour was obtained at Sheffield town,—

"With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.
Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look't and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig.
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedgehog."

Two days and a night the fight continued without any wound on either side; at length the dragon was killed by a kick from the spiked foot of the valiant More of More Hall.

The scenery amid which this combat is said to have taken place is amongst the most beautiful and romantic in Yorkshire, near to Wharnccliffe Lodge, which stands on the summit of a range of perpendicular rocks, extending towards the north and south, with the Don many hundred feet below; the intermediate space filled with trees, the innumerable leaves of which answer to the light breeze which blows over them like the surface of the ocean. In front is the valley of the Ewden, one of the valleys which open from the west into the wider valley of the Don, while on the left is a view of that vale, with an almost unbroken continuity of wood, terminated by the domes and spires of Sheffield, the whole scene being one of the most grand and imposing imaginable. "The Dragon's Den" is a natural cave in the rock, about a mile north from the Lodge.

"Go where the Don's young waters brightly glide,
'Mid tufted woods and legendary caves;
No dragon prowls on Wharnccliffe's sylvan side,
To scare the current of the peaceful waves."

LETTERS FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD, AUTHOR OF "SIX MONTHS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS," ETC.

VII.

Estes Park, Colorado, October.—As this letter could not be written at the time, I am much disinclined to write it, especially as no sort of description within my powers could enable another to realise the glorious sublimity, the majestic solitude, and the unspeakable awfulness and fascination of the scenes in which I spent Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

Long's Peak, 14,700 feet high, blocks up one end of Estes Park, and dwarfs all the surrounding mountains. From it on this side rise, snow-born, the bright St. Vrain, and the Big and Little Thompson. By sunlight or moonlight its splintered grey crest is the one object which, in spite of wapiti and big-horn, skunk and grizzly, unfailingly arrests the eye. From it seem to come all storms of snow and wind, and the forked lightnings play round its head like a glory. It is one of the noblest of mountains, but in one's imagination it grows to be much more. It becomes invested with a personality. In its caverns and abysses one comes to fancy that it generates and chains the strong winds, to let them loose in its fury.

The thunder becomes its voice, and the lightnings do it homage. Other summits blush under the morning kiss of the sun, and turn pale the next moment; but it detains the first sunlight and holds it round its head for an hour at least, till it pleases to change from rosy red to deep blue; and the sunset, as if spell-bound, lingers latest on its crest. The soft winds which hardly rustle the pine needles down here are raging up there round its motionless summit. The mark of fire is upon it, and though it has passed into a grim repose, it tells of fire and upheaval as truly, though not as eloquently, as the living volcanoes of Hawaii. Here under its shadow one learns how naturally nature worship, and the propitiation of the forces of nature, arose in minds which had no better light.

Long's Peak, "the American Matterhorn," as some call it, was ascended five years ago for the first time. I thought I should like to attempt it, but up to Monday, when Evans left for Denver, cold water was thrown upon the project. It was too late in

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the season, the winds were likely to be strong, etc., but just before leaving, Evans said that the weather was looking more settled, and if I did not get farther than the timber line it would be worth going.* Soon after he left "Mountain Jim" came in, and said he would go up, and the two youths who rode here with me from Longmount and I caught at the proposal.

so much worn that it was painful to walk, even about the park, in them, so Evans had lent me a pair of his hunting boots, which hung to the horn of my saddle. The horses of the two young men were equally loaded, for we had to prepare for many degrees of frost. "Jim" was a shocking figure; he had on an old pair of high boots with a baggy pair of old



GRAND CRATER, NEAR LONG'S PEAK

Mrs. Edwards at once baked bread for three days, steaks were cut from the steer which hangs up conveniently, and tea, sugar, and butter were benevolently added. Our picnic was not to be a luxurious or "well found" one, for, in order to avoid the expense of a pack mule, we limited our luggage to what our saddle horses could carry. Behind my saddle I carried three pair of camping blankets and a quilt, which reached to my shoulders. My own boots were

trousers made of deer hide, held on by an old scarf tucked into them, a leather shirt, with three or four ragged unbuttoned waistcoats over it, an old smashed wideawake, from under which his tawny, neglected ringlets hung; and with his one eye, his one long spur, his knife in his belt, his revolver in his waistcoat pocket, his saddle covered with an old beaver-skin, from which the paws hung down; his camping blankets behind him, his rifle laid across the saddle in front of him, and his axe, canteen, and other gear hanging to the horn, he was as awful looking a ruffian as one could see. By way of contrast he rode a small Arab mare, of exquisite beauty, skittish, high-spirited,

* The engraving which illustrates this letter is from a photograph by a courageous Denver artist who attempted the ascent just before I arrived, but after camping out at the timber line for a week, was felled by the perpetual storms, and was driven down again, leaving some very valuable apparatus about 3,000 feet from the summit.

gentle, but altogether too light for him, and he fretted her incessantly, to make her display herself.

Heavily loaded as all our horses were, "Jim" started over the half mile of level grass at a hand-gallop, and then throwing his mare on her haunches, pulled up alongside of me, and with a grace of manner which soon made me forget his appearance, entered into a conversation which lasted for more than four hours, in spite of the manifold checks of fording streams, single file, abrupt ascents and descents, and other incidents of mountain travel. The ride was one series of glories and surprises, of "park" and glade, of lake and stream, of mountains on mountains, culminating in the rent pinnacles of Long's Peak, which looked yet grander and ghastlier as we crossed an attendant mountain 11,000 feet high. The slanting sun added fresh beauty every hour. There were dark pines against a lemon sky, grey peaks reddening and etherealising, gorges of deep and infinite blue, floods of golden glory pouring through canyons of enormous depth, an atmosphere of absolute purity, an occasional foreground of cottonwood and aspen flaunting in red and gold deepening the blue gloom of the pines, the trickle and murmur of streams fringed with icicles, the strange *sough* of gusts moving among the pine tops—sights and sounds not of the lower earth, but of the solitary, beast-haunted, frozen, upper altitudes. From the dry, buff grass of Estes Park we turned off up a trail on the side of a pine-hung gorge, up a steep pine-clothed hill, down to a small valley, rich in fine, sun-cured hay about eighteen inches high, and enclosed by high mountains whose deepest hollow contains a lily-covered lake, fitly named "The Lake of the Lilies." Ah, how magical its beauty was, as it slept in silence, while *there* the dark pines were mirrored motionless in its pale gold, and *here* the great white lily cups and dark green leaves rested on amethyst-coloured water!

From this we ascended into the purple gloom of great pine forests which clothe the skirts of the mountains up to a height of about 11,000 feet, and from their chill and solitary depths we had glimpses of golden atmosphere and rose-lit summits, not of "the land very far off" but of the land nearer now in all its grandeur, gaining in sublimity by nearness—glimpses, too, through a broken vista of purple gorges, of the illimitable Plains lying idealised in the late sunlight, their baked, brown expanse transfigured into the likeness of a sunset sea rolling infinitely in waves of misty gold.

We rode upwards through the gloom on a steep trail blazed through the forest, all my intellect concentrated on avoiding being dragged off my horse by impending branches, or having the blankets badly torn, as those of my companions were, by sharp, dead limbs, between which there was hardly room to pass—the horses breathless, and requiring to stop every few yards, though their riders, except myself, were afoot. The gloom of the dense, ancient, silent forest is to me awe-inspiring. On such an evening it is soundless, except for the branches creaking in the soft wind, the frequent snap of decayed timber, and a murmur in the pine tops as of a not distant waterfall, all tending to produce *eeriness* and a sadness "hardly akin to pain." There no lumberer's axe has ever rung. The trees die when they have attained their prime, and stand there, dead and bare, till the fierce mountain winds lay them prostrate. The pines grew smaller and more

sparse as we ascended, and the last stragglers wore a tortured, warring look. The timber line was passed, but yet a little higher a slope of mountain meadow dipped to the south-west towards a bright stream trickling under ice and icicles, and there a grove of the beautiful silver spruce marked our camping ground. The trees were in miniature, but so exquisitely arranged that one might well ask what artist's hand had planted them, scattering them here, clumping them there, and training their slim spires towards heaven. Hereafter, when I call up memories of the glorious, the view from this camping ground will come up. Looking east, gorges opened to the distant Plains, then fading into purple grey. Mountains with pine-clothed skirts rose in ranges, or, solitary, uplifted their grey summits, while close behind, but nearly 3,000 feet above us, towered the bald, white crest of Long's Peak, its huge precipices red with the light of a sun long lost to our eyes. Close to us, in the caverned side of the Peak, was snow that, owing to its position, is eternal. Soon the after-glow came on, and before it faded a big half-moon hung out of the heavens, shining through the silver blue foliage of the pines on the frigid background of snow, and turning the whole into fairy-land.

Unsaddling and picketing the horses securely, making the beds of pine shoots, and dragging up logs for fuel, warmed us all. "Jim" built up a great fire, and before long we were all sitting round it at supper. It didn't matter much that we had to drink our tea out of the battered meat-tins in which it was boiled, and eat strips of beef reeking with pine smoke without plates or forks.

"Treat Jim as a gentleman and you'll find him one," I had been told; and though his manner was certainly bolder and freer than that of gentlemen generally, no imaginary fault could be found. He was very agreeable as a man of culture as well as a child of nature; the desperado was altogether out of sight. He was very courteous and even kind to me, which was fortunate, as the young men had no idea of showing even ordinary civilities. That night I made the acquaintance of his dog "Ring," said to be the best hunting-dog in Colorado, with the body and legs of a collie, but a head approaching that of a mastiff, a noble face with a wistful human expression, and the most truthful eyes I ever saw in an animal. His master loves him if he loves anything, but in his savage moods ill-treats him. "Ring's" devotion never swerves, and his truthful eyes are rarely taken off his master's face. He is almost human in his intelligence, and, unless he is told to do so, he never takes notice of any one but "Jim." In a tone as if speaking to a human being, his master, pointing to me, said, "Ring, go to that lady, and don't leave her again to-night." "Ring" at once came to me, looked into my face, laid his head on my shoulder, and then lay down beside me with his head on my lap, but never taking his eyes from "Jim's" face.

The long shadows of the pines lay upon the frosted grass, an aurora leaped fitfully, and the moonlight, though intensely bright, was pale beside the red, leaping flames of our pine logs and their red glow on our gear, ourselves, and Ring's truthful face. One of the young men sang a Latin student's song and two nigger ones, the other, "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer." "Jim" sang one of Moore's melodies in a singular falsetto, and all together sang "The Star-

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spangled Banner" and "The Red, White, and Blue." Then "Jim" recited a very clever poem of his own composition, and told some fearful Indian stories. A group of small silver spruces close to the fire was my sleeping-place. The artist who had been up there had so woven and interlaced their lower branches as to form a bower, affording at once shelter from the wind and an agreeable privacy. It was thickly strewn with young pine shoots, and these when covered with a blanket, with an inverted saddle for a pillow, made a luxurious bed. The mercury at 9 p.m. was 12° below the freezing-point. "Jim," after a last look at the horses, made a huge fire and stretched himself out beside it, but Ring lay at my back to keep me warm. I could not sleep, but the night passed rapidly. I was anxious about the ascent, for gusts of ominous sound swept through the pines at intervals. Then wild animals howled, and Ring was perturbed in spirit about them. Then it was strange to see the notorious desperado, a red-handed man, sleeping as quietly as innocence sleeps. But, above all, it was exciting to lie there, shelterless, on a mountain 11,000 feet high, in the very heart of the Rocky Range, under twelve degrees of frost, hearing sounds of wolves, with shivering stars looking through the fragrant canopy, with arrowy pines for bed-posts, and for a night lamp the red flames of a camp fire.

Day dawned long before the sun rose, pure and lemon-coloured. The rest were looking after the horses, when one of the students came running to tell me that I must come farther down the slope, for "Jim" said he had never seen such a sunrise. From the chill, grey Peak above, from the everlasting snows, from the silvered pines, down through mountain ranges with their depths of Tyrian purple, we looked to where the Plains lay cold, in blue-grey, like a morning sea against a far horizon. Suddenly, as a dazzling streak at first, but enlarging rapidly into a dazzling sphere, the sun wheeled above the grey line, a light and glory as when it was first created. "Jim" involuntarily and reverently uncovered his head, and exclaimed, "I believe there is a God!" I felt as if, Parsee-like, I must worship. The grey of the Plains changed to purple, the sky was all one rose-red flush, on which vermillion cloud-streaks rested; the ghastly peaks gleamed like rubies, the earth and heavens were new-created. Surely "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands!" For a full hour those Plains simulated the ocean, down to whose limitless expanse of purple cliffs, rocks and promontories swept down.

By seven we had finished breakfast, and passed into the ghastlier solitudes above, I riding as far as what, rightly or wrongly, are called the "Lava Beds," an expanse of large and small boulders, with snow in their crevices. It was very cold; some water which we crossed was frozen hard enough to bear the horse. "Jim" had hindered me from taking any wraps, and my thin Hawaiian riding-dress, only fit for the tropics, was penetrated by the keen air. The rarefied atmosphere soon began to oppress our breathing, and I found that Evans's boots were so large that I had no foothold. Fortunately, before the real difficulty of the ascent began, we found, under a rock, a pair of small over-shoes, probably left by the Hayden exploring expedition, which just lasted for the day. As we were leaping from rock to rock, "Jim" said, "I was thinking in the night about your travelling alone, and wondering where you carried your Der-

ringer, for I could see no signs of it." On my telling him that I travelled unarmed, he could hardly believe it, and adjured me to get a revolver at once.

On arriving at the "Notch" (a literal gate of rock), we found ourselves absolutely on the knife-like ridge or backbone of Long's Peak, only a few feet wide, covered with colossal boulders and fragments, and on the other side shelving in one precipitous, snow-patched sweep of 3,000 feet to a picturesque hollow, containing a lake of pure, green water. Other lakes, hidden among dense pine woods, were farther off, while close above us rose the Peak, which, for about 500 feet, is a smooth, gaunt, inaccessible-looking pile of granite. Passing through the "Notch," we looked along the nearly inaccessible side of the Peak, composed of boulders and *débris* of all shapes and sizes, through which appeared broad, smooth ribs of reddish-coloured granite, looking as if they upheld the towering rock-mass above. I usually dislike bird's-eye and panoramic views, but, though from a mountain, this was not one. Serrated ridges, not much lower than that on which we stood, rose, one beyond another, far as that pure atmosphere could carry the vision, broken into awful chasms, deep with ice and snow, rising into pinnacles piercing the heavenly blue with their cold, barren grey, on, on for ever, till the most distant range upbore unsullied snow alone. There were fair lakes mirroring the dark pine woods, canyons dark and blue-black with unbroken expanses of pines, snow-slashed pinnacles, wintry heights frowning upon lovely parks, watered and wooded, lying in the lap of summer North Park floating off into the blue distance, Middle Park closed till another season, the sunny slopes of Estes Park, and winding down among the mountains the snowy ridge of the Divide, whose bright waters seek both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. There, far below, links of diamonds showed where the Grand River takes its rise to seek the mysterious Colorado, with its still unsolved enigma, and lose itself in the waters of the Pacific, and nearer the snow-born Thompson burst forth from the ice to begin its journey to the Gulf of Mexico. Nature, rioting in her grandest mood, exclaimed with voices of grandeur, solitude, sublimity, beauty, and infinity, "Lord, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Never-to-be-forgotten glories they were, burnt in upon my memory by six succeeding hours of terror. You know I have no head and no ankles, and never ought to dream of mountaineering, and had I known that the ascent was a real mountaineering feat I should not have felt the slightest ambition to perform it. As it is, I am only humiliated by my success, for "Jim" dragged me up, like a bale of goods, by sheer force of muscle. At the "Notch" the real business of the ascent began. Two thousand feet of solid rock towered above us, four thousand feet of broken rock shelved precipitously below; smooth granite ribs, with barely foothold, stood out here and there; melted snow, refrozen several times, presented a more serious obstacle; many of the rocks were loose, and tumbled down when touched. To me it was a time of extreme terror. I was tied to "Jim," but it was of no use, my feet were paralysed and slipped on the bare rock, and he said it was useless to try to go that way, and we retraced our steps. I wanted to return to the "Notch," knowing that my incompetence would detain the party, and one of the young men said almost plainly that a woman was a dangerous encumbrance, but the trapper replied shortly that

if it were not to take me he would not go up at all. He went on to explore, and reported that further progress on the correct line of ascent was blocked by ice, and then for two hours we descended, lowering ourselves by our hands from rock to rock down a boulder-strewn sweep of 4,000 feet, patched with ice and snow, and perilous from rolling stones. My fatigue, giddiness, and pain from bruised ankles and arms half pulled out of their sockets were so great that I should never have gone half way had not "Jim," *nolens volens*, dragged me along with a patience and skill, and withal a determination that I should ascend the Peak, which never failed. After descending about 2,000 feet to avoid the ice, we got into a deep ravine with inaccessible sides, partly filled with ice and snow and partly with large and small fragments of rock, which were constantly giving way, rendering the footing very insecure. That part to me was two hours of painful and unwilling submission to the inevitable—of trembling, slipping, straining, of smooth ice appearing when it was least expected, and of weak entreaties to be left behind while the others went on. "Jim" always said that there was no danger, that there was only a short bad bit ahead, and that I should go up even if he carried me!

Slipping, faltering, gasping from the exhausting toil in the rarefied air, with throbbing hearts and panting lungs we reached the top of the gorge and squeezed ourselves between two gigantic fragments of rock by a passage called the "Dog's Lift," when I climbed on the shoulders of one man and then was hauled up. This introduced us by an abrupt turn round the south-west angle of the Peak to a narrow shelf of considerable length, rugged, uneven, and so overhung by the cliff in some places that it is necessary to crouch to pass at all. Above, the Peak looks nearly vertical for 400 feet; and below, the most tremendous precipice I have ever seen descends in one unbroken fall. This is usually considered the most dangerous part of the ascent, but it does not seem so to me, for such foothold as there is is secure, and one fancies that it is possible to hold on with the hands. But then, and on the final, and, to my thinking, the worst part of the climb, one slip, and a breathing, thinking, human being would lie 3,000 feet below, a shapeless, bloody heap. "Ring" refused to traverse the Ledge, and remained at the "Lift" howling piteously.

From thence the view is more magnificent even than that from the "Notch." At the foot of the precipice below us lay a lovely lake, wood-embosomed, from or near which the bright St. Vrain and other streams take their rise. I thought how their clear cold waters, growing turbid in the affluent flats, would heat under the tropic sun, and eventually form part of that great ocean river which renders our far-off islands habitable by impinging on their shores. Snowy ranges, one behind the other, extended to the distant horizon, folding in their wintry embrace the beauties of Middle Park. Pike's Peak, more than one hundred miles off, lifted that vast but shapeless summit which is the landmark of Southern Colorado. There were snow patches, snow slashes, snow abysses, snow forlorn and soiled-looking, snow pure and dazzling, snow glistening above the purple robe of pine worn by all the mountains; while away to the east, in limitless breadth, stretched the green-grey of the endless Plains. Giants everywhere reared their splintered crests. From thence, with a single sweep, the eye takes in a distance of

three hundred miles—that distance to the west, north, and south being made up of mountains ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen thousand feet in height, dominated by Long's Peak, Gray's Peak, and Pike's Peak, all nearly the height of Mont Blanc! On the Plains we traced the rivers by their fringe of cottonwoods to the distant Platte, and between us and them lay glories of mountain, canyon, and lake, sleeping in depths of blue and purple most ravishing to the eye.

As we crept from the Ledge round a horn of rock I beheld what made me perfectly sick and dizzy to look at—the terminal Peak itself, a smooth, cracked face or wall of pink granite, as nearly perpendicular as anything could well be up which it was possible to climb, well deserving the name of the "American Matterhorn."*

Scaling, not climbing, is the correct term for this last ascent. It took one hour to accomplish 500 feet, pausing for breath every minute or two. The only foothold was in narrow cracks or on minute projections on the granite. To get a toe in these cracks, or here and there on a scarcely obvious projection, while crawling on hands and knees, all the while tortured with thirst and gasping and struggling for breath, this was the climb; but at last the Peak was won. A grand, well-defined mountain-top it is, a nearly level acre of boulders, with precipitous sides all round, the one we came up being the only accessible one.

It was not possible to remain long. One of the young men was seriously alarmed by bleeding from the lungs, and the intense dryness of the day and the rarefaction of the air at a height of nearly 15,000 feet made respiration very painful. There is always water on the Peak, but it was frozen as hard as a rock, and the sucking of ice and snow increases thirst. We all suffered severely from the want of water, and the gasping for breath made our mouths and tongues so dry that articulation was difficult, and the speech of all unnatural.

From the summit were seen in unrivalled combination all the views which had rejoiced our eyes during the ascent. It was something at last to stand upon the storm-rent crown of this lonely sentinel of the Rocky Range, on one of the mightiest of the vertebrae of the back-bone of the North American continent, and to see the waters start for both oceans. Uplifted above love and hate and storms of passion, calm amidst the eternal silences, fanned by zephyrs and bathed in living blue, peace rested for that one bright day on the Peak, as if it were some region

"Where falls not rain, or hail, or any snow,
Or ever wind blows loudly."

We placed our names, with the date of ascent, in a tin within a crevice, and descended to the Ledge, sitting on the smooth granite, getting our feet into cracks and against projections, and letting ourselves down by our hands, "Jim" going before me, so that I might steady my feet against his powerful shoulders. I was no longer giddy, and faced the precipice of 3,500 feet without a shiver. Repassing the Ledge and Lift, we accomplished the descent through 1,500 feet of ice and snow, with many falls and bruises, but no worse mishap, and there separated, the young men taking the steepest but most direct way to the Notch, with the intention of getting ready for the

* Let no practical mountaineer be alarmed by my description into the ascent of Long's Peak. Truly terrible as it was to me, to a member of the Alpine Club it would not be a feat worth performing.

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march home, and "Jim" and I taking what he thought the safer route for me, a descent over boulders for 2,000 feet, and then a tremendous ascent to the "Notch." I had various falls, and once hung by my frock, which caught on a rock, and "Jim" severed it with his hunting-knife, upon which I fell into a crevice full of soft snow. We were driven lower down the mountains than he had intended by impassable tracts of ice, and the ascent was tremendous. For the last 200 feet the boulders were of enormous size, and the steepness fearful. Sometimes I drew myself up on hands and knees, sometimes crawled; sometimes "Jim" pulled me up by my arms or a lariat, and sometimes I stood on his shoulders, or he made steps for me of his feet and hands, but at six we stood on the Notch in the splendour of the sinking sun, all colour deepening, all peaks glorifying, all shadows purpling, all peril past.

"Jim" had parted with his *brusquerie* when we parted from the students, and was gentle and considerate beyond anything, though I knew that he must be grievously disappointed, both in my courage and strength. Water was an object of earnest desire. My tongue rattled in my mouth, and I could hardly articulate. It is good for one's sympathies to have for once a severe experience of thirst. Truly there was

"Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink."

Three times its apparent gleam deceived even the mountaineer's practised eye, but we found only a foot of "glare ice." At last, in a deep hole, he succeeded in breaking the ice, and by putting one's arm far down one could scoop up a little water in one's hand, but it was tormentingly insufficient. With great difficulty and much assistance I recrossed the "Lava Beds," was carried to the horse and lifted upon him, and when we reached the camping ground I was lifted off him and laid on the ground wrapped up in blankets, a humiliating termination of a great exploit. The horses were saddled, and the young men were all ready to start, but "Jim" quietly said, "Now, gentlemen, I want a good night's rest, and we shan't stir from here to-night." I believe they were really glad to have it so, as one of them was quite finished. I was carried to my arbour in a roll of blankets and was soon asleep. When I woke the moon was high, shining through the silvery branches, whitening the bald Peak above, and glittering on the great abyss of snow behind, and pine logs were blazing like a bonfire in the cold still air. My feet were so icy cold that I could not sleep again, and "Jim" warmed some blankets for me to sit in, and made a roll of them for my back, and I sat for two hours by the camp fire. It was weird and gloriously beautiful. The students were asleep in their blankets with their feet towards the fire. Ring lay on one side of me with his fine head on my arm, and his master sat on the other with the fire lighting up the handsome side of his face, and except for the low tones of our voices, and an occasional crackle and splutter as a pine knot blazed up, there was no sound on the mountain side. The beloved stars of my far-off home were overhead, the Plough and Pole Star, with their steady light, the glittering Pleiades looking larger than I ever saw them, and "Orion's studded belt," shining gloriously. Once only some wild animals prowled near the camp, when Ring, with one bound, disappeared from my side, and the horses, which

were picketed by the stream, broke their lariats, stampeded, and came rushing wildly towards the fire, and it was fully half an hour before they were caught and quiet was restored. "Jim," or Mr. Nugent, as I always scrupulously called him, told me stories of his early youth, and of a sorrow which had led him to embark on a lawless and desperate life. His voice trembled, and tears rolled down his cheek. Was it semi-conscious acting I wondered, or was his dark soul really stirred to its depths by the silence, the beauty, and the memories of youth?

We reached Estes Park at noon of the following day. A more successful ascent of the Peak was never made, and I would not now exchange my memories of its perfect beauty and extraordinary sublimity for any other experience of mountaineering in any part of the world. Yesterday snow fell on the summit, and it will be inaccessible for eight months to come.

I. L. B.

PRACTICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

V.—WATER AND WASHING.

THOUGH the wisdom of an august authority is committed to a concise and famous exaltation of water, many conditions have to be fulfilled before we can say that it is "best." Water is so widely used for many things, and permeates the soil so readily, that it often comes to be grievously mixed before the cup reaches the lip of the drinker. There is no readier vehicle of contagion than water; this was abundantly proved at the great outbreak of cholera in the district of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, in 1854. A popular well was infected by leakage from a house to which cholera had been brought, and it was shown that wherever this water was drunk the disease broke out. This fact promoted most valuable scientific discoveries, and there is no phase of practical social science more prominent than that seen in the intelligent use of water. All use it, either raw or with some infusion; and yet how few care to inquire whether it is fit to be used, or, if they suspect its purity, to adopt means for making it wholesome. How many idly take it from an open cistern, the sediment at the bottom of which would disgust them if they only saw and smelt it. But though they may scrub their doorsteps and floors, and see to the washing of the household with laudable persistency, many neglect to ascertain the state of the receptacle whence their drinking and cooking water is drawn. It probably collects impurities on its road to the cistern, and accumulates more when it has got there. Now a householder with any sense of sanitary science will see to this matter; he will at least keep his cistern clean, and if in a town, will ascertain of some easily accessible authority whether his drinking water is fit to be used raw. In calling it "raw," I do not mean to hint that it can be made wholesome by spirits. If anywise impure, it had better be boiled as well as filtered before it is drunk, however used afterwards. Water is seldom conveyed to and stored for the dwellers in a town without contracting some mischief by the way.

That, however, is the most mischievous which is drawn from a town well, and it is generally worst when it tastes best. None is cooler and nicer than that which comes from a pump by a churchyard.

Neighbouring drains also make it sparkle deliciously. That from the Broad Street pump, near Berwick Street, was so grateful to the palate, that some people living at Hampstead had it sent to them in bottles, and the cholera went with it.

But it is not only in cities that water is defiled. A village grows on the borders of a pure rivulet, and as its inhabitants employ it to wash away all kinds of their impurities, it may become a river of death rather than of life. They seldom think of what they may be drinking when they take a draught from the pail or jug that has been filled at the village stream. If there is, say, scarlet fever in a house higher up, the least particles of matter from its refuse, though invisible to the naked eye, are enough to convey contagion to the household lower down. Again and again a wholesome-looking rivulet has carried death and disease, and a pestilence has broken out along its course, which seemed to be mysterious, but which would have been averted by the simplest knowledge and use of sanitary science. There is many a village, commodiously built, blessed with sweet air, healthy soil, and a reserve of chattering apple-faced children, which could not be more prepared for an outbreak of sickness than by the brook into which its inhabitants dip for their daily water, and which, if one case of infectious malady should occur in the community, might at once endanger all who live upon its brink, and in their simplicity fancy that it safely sweeps away impurities from their dwellings. However secure they may feel, they are really somewhat in the position of those who work in a powder-mill which is harmless till a spark falls upon its dusty floor.

Intelligent residents in such a village should cease no protest for the deodorising qualities of earth, and for the economy which would make that matter useful in the kitchen garden which is often left to be washed away by water which it taints and they drink. The destination of inevitable domestic impurity is the cabbage-bed, and not the inside of the householder.

Let me hope that I may touch or revive the sentiment of apprehension which many published warnings have sought to kindle in some of my readers' minds with respect to the water which they drink. Wherever human beings congregate, this necessary of life is most likely to be tainted. It may not only convey to the healthy such diseases as cholera or scarlet fever from infected households, but of itself it may promote divers others, especially diarrhoea.

We boast of our Christian civilisation, but in old Pagan days more care was often taken to provide cities with pure water than is to be seen now. The aqueducts of ancient Rome, some of which are in use at the present day, might rebuke many of our existing arrangements.

I must add a word as to some of the common-sense applications of science in reference to the purification of water. If it be drawn from a cistern this should be covered and occasionally cleaned. If the pipe which conveys the water into the house is of lead, when any water is drawn for drinking the tap should be allowed to run for a few moments in order that the water which has been lying in the lead pipe may not be drunk. This precaution is most necessary when the water is first drawn in the morning. It has then lain in the pipe all night. Some of the harm likely to lie in water may be removed by boiling it before use. Subsidence and filtration are,

however, the chief processes for removing impurities. Drinking water should at least be allowed to settle. As to filtration, those who cannot afford to buy a filter may easily make one by following some direction which I copy from good authority. Stuff a piece of sponge in the hole of a flower-pot, place above this a layer of pebbles, then a layer of coarse sand, and above this a layer of pounded charcoal three or four inches in depth. Another layer of pebbles should be placed above the charcoal to prevent it from being stirred up when the water is poured in. The contents of the flower-pot should be occasionally renewed. But by a small addition to this a cottage filter may be made which, for practical use, is quite equal to the most expensive filter of corresponding size. It consists of two flower-pots, one above the other, the lower one fitted with a sponge and filtering layers above described, and the upper one with a sponge only. The upper pot should be the largest, and if the lower one is strong the upper one may stand on it, or a piece of wood with a hole to receive the upper pot may rest on the brim of the lower one. The two pots thus arranged are placed upon a three-legged stool with a hole in it through which the projecting part of the lower sponge passes, and the water drops into a jug placed below. The upper pot serves as a reservoir, and the sponge stops the coarser impurities, and thus the filtering layers of the lower one may be used for two or three years without being renewed if the upper sponge be occasionally cleaned. Care must be taken to wedge in the upper sponge tightly enough to prevent the water passing through the upper pot more rapidly than it can filter through the lower one.

Let me now pass on to say something, necessarily brief, about the external as well as internal use of water. We are fond of praising our modern ways, but though there can hardly be anything which marks a civilised state more than cleanliness, there is perhaps no matter in which we come behind the ancients more than washing. There are Roman ruins in England which testify that in the old times, of which they are a witness, what is now looked upon as an expensive luxury for the rich was a cheap and common provision for the poor. A sumptuous public bath, open to all comers, was part of the inevitable equipment of every community, and the people bathed in it to an extent which is now inconceivable to many. St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, is said to be the most exact copy in modern times of a part of one of those edifices in which the Romans washed themselves. This whole building, however, is less than one-fourth of the size of the central mass of a large Roman bath, and therefore gives but little idea of one establishment for the washing of the person which existed in old times. Other ancient nations notoriously bathed much. In the Bible we see washing raised to a sacred eminence. It is not only to the past, however, that we may look for a contrast which is not gratifying to us in this respect. Existing peoples use water or the bath to a degree which we in England hardly realise. A bath is almost a necessary of life in Russia and is to be found in many of its villages. The Japanese are perhaps the most universally sedulous nation in the matter of washing themselves. The twopenny native prints sold in England of scenes in their domestic life generally contain a representation of the family tub or spout, in or under which the whole household is seen splashing itself. The ablutions of the Mohammedan and

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Hindoo are well known. I remember, moreover, when on the scene of the making of the great Atlantic Railway across America, which was partly built by Chinese navigators, hearing that the great wonder and complaint of these pig-tailed labourers, on being brought near the Irish navvy, was that he did not wash himself after his day's work.

It might be difficult to trace our decline into that form of uncleanness which is exhibited in the neglect of washing the person. But the fact is that practically and generally the average Briton does not wash himself. Even the tub, which is now used widely by one class, was, not so very many years ago, regarded as almost a sign of eccentricity. And at present it is chiefly used only in houses which contain dressing-rooms. It has not come into anything like general use. The phrase "cleaning oneself," common among working people, is mostly considered to be realised after what Sam Weller called a "rinse," and perhaps the putting of a fresh shirt over an unwashed skin. The habit, moreover, of wearing the beard among those who are engaged in any dirty or dusty business restricts still further the small surface touched by the water and the towel.

I might remark, in reference to even partial washing, that mischief may easily be, and often is, taken into the system by the way of the mouth; and that, as the hands may have been in unconscious contact with the germs of disease, which may be the germs of death, if they are not washed before eating, this neglect may be speedily and seriously avenged. People who have to do with and who touch those that are sick of an infectious disorder, or the clothes they have worn, may retain some minute particle of mischief on their fingers, and then, by eating a piece of bread-and-butter without cleansing their hands, convey it into their system, and thus become infected.

I must, however, in this passing glance at a great subject content myself with general reflections. And I would ask my readers to remember that while each man, roughly speaking, is made of a peck of solids and so many pails of water, provision is also made by nature for the continuous distillation of the liquid through thousands of pores over the whole of his body. It is obvious that mischief must follow when these are clogged, and that the natural clogging of these drains is aggravated by the wearing of the same unwashed clothes, in many instances, for considerable periods. Thus it does not need much physiological perception, or apprehension of practical social science, for any one to see that, especially if he be a working man who earns his bread by the sweat of his body, he might take a lesson from the old Roman or the modern Chinese, unless he is content to carry about on his person and in his clothes the worst deposits of those innumerable drains or pores with which he is furnished by Nature, and from the outflow of which he is intended to be freed.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance or necessity of fixing the impression of this truth on the minds of all, especially of the young. Washing, bathing, and swimming should be prominently explained and encouraged as an integral part of education. British conceit should be diligently assailed by showing how far other nations, whom we consider inferior to us in many respects, have been and are superior to us in the civilised habit of personal cleanliness. This is a matter which might well exercise not only every sensible head of a family, but every school-board and teacher. Where possible, indeed,

the addition of a bath to the equipment of a school might be ranked along with the provision of a playground. We have so much lost time and lee-way to make up in respect to washing that some can hardly at first perceive how far we have fallen behind in this branch of civilisation. We are too often tempted to rest content in the furnishing of a school with a few taps, basins, and towels, and calling the result by the imposing name of a "lavatory," whereas it seldom involves more than such a temporary cleansing of the hands as shall retard the smearing of the books which the children use.

I might add that beyond any direct sanitary benefits which follow from a proper use of water in washing the whole person, we might reckon the encouragement thereby of much self-respect and of a radical distaste for, or repugnance to, manifold phases of dirt. Habit is the act of yesterday; and a man who has once thoroughly washed himself immediately resents the presence of that which is stale and sour. He will not endure a stuffy room or offensive drain with the forbearance with which he tolerated it in his unwashed state, when he carried about with him a cognate atmosphere. The habit of cleanliness will tell all round in his house, his family, and daily surroundings. Being clean himself, he will shrink from and protest against many other forms of uncleanness which are depressing and degrading.

Thus washing draws a train of wholesomeness behind it, besides producing a sensation and sentiment of healthiness. Some good deeds are followed at a long interval by their results. We have to wait patiently for a return. But there is nothing in which cause and effect can be more immediately and easily connected and enjoyed than in obedience to the great law and command of the kingdom of God, where that which is fair ever fights against the foul, and which in figure applied to the soul from the analogy of the body, lies in the sentence, "Wash and be clean."

Varieties.

PAYMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY MEMBERS.—In the Australian province of Victoria there has been much discussion as to the propriety of paying the representatives. Mr. Hare, a high authority on constitutional subjects, thus comments on the question as applied to England, in a letter in the "Times":—"The provision for the subsistence of their representatives during their necessary residence in the capital while the Parliament was sitting was in former times in many cases indispensable, and some boroughs we know considered the cost to be more than the franchise was worth. The condition of the people has undergone a great change since the time when Andrew Marvel received pay for his services from his constituents in Hull. It is perhaps curious that this question of the payment of members should have arisen in this year—the second centenary from his death. But the payment of their representative by the particular constituents who desire his services and the same payment by the public at large are entirely different matters. The representation of the working classes by persons chosen from among themselves will render the contribution of the constituents in aid of the maintenance of the member during the time that his labour is suspended a necessary condition of things. Against such remuneration, whether by the class or the locality which the member represents, there is no possible objection. The general payment of the whole representative body by the State is, above all other dangers that threaten representative government, to be deprecated. The result of all inquiry and study of the construction and working of representative institutions appear to lead to the conclusion that in the present state of society and of political action nothing can be more

mischievous than the opening a profitable career to those who have a capacity for becoming adepts in the art of fostering and encouraging the delusions or designs of ignorance or selfishness, or of appealing to and stimulating popular feeling, whether it be the product of thought and deliberation or of passion or excitement. The chance not only of obtaining a competent livelihood, but possibly of securing a position in public life, thus offered to a class of acute persons not overburdened with high principle is a temptation to many, the operation of which is likely to increase rather than diminish in the future. It has been the source of incalculable evil in the United States. It has the effect of deteriorating and degrading the character of the Assembly. Whole classes whose co-operation in political affairs would be of the greatest benefit to the community abstain from public life, and the manipulation of parties and party interests becomes a special profession, to which the public interests are more or less sacrificed.

CURIOUS TELEGRAPHIC ERROR.—A singular mistake occurred in a telegram received through Reuter's Agency. It was announced from Brisbane that "Lady Kennedy (the wife of the Governor of Queensland) had given birth to twins, the eldest being a son"—the literal words of the telegram being, "Governor of Queensland—twins, first son." On the publication of this information friends of Sir Arthur Kennedy pointed out that he was unmarried. A repetition of the telegram was accordingly requested, when it turned out to be, "Governor of Queensland turned first sod"—alluding to the Maryborough Railway.

INTERPERANCE IN LIVERPOOL.—Liverpool has a population of nearly half a million. Last year the magistrates examined 45,000 criminal cases. Of the 27,529 arrests by the police 12,156 were of females, nearly half of whom were under 21 years of age. Of the 12,285 occupants of the immense city prison there have been 739 more women than men. This hideous array of criminals can be directly traced to the 2,000 drinking houses of the city.

CHARITABLE FUNDS.—The Official Trustees of Charitable Funds state, in their account made up to the end of 1877, that at that date they had no less than £7,686,816 in Consols and other Government stocks, being funds belonging to various charities, besides other securities transferred to their custody by charity trustees. Many of the charities are of small amount. In the list of securities which had to be re-transferred or sold by the official trustees last year, there are as many as eighteen which are under £100 each.

PAPER EXHIBITION.—An International Exhibition of the Paper Trade is to be held this summer at Berlin. The objects exhibited will be divided into eight different groups—viz., 1, raw materials and articles used for making paper, pasteboard, etc.; 2, machines and tools used for making and working paper; 3, paper and boards of all descriptions; 4, paper, as far as it is employed for printing, paper-hangings, etc.; 5, articles made of paper or *papier-mâché*; 6, paper as used for technical or building purposes; 7, writing and drawing materials; 8, objects, books, etc., relating to the history and literature of paper. A number of prizes will be awarded for the best contributions.—*Nature*.

TWENTY YEARS' PROGRESS IN INDIA.—The official account of the products of India which were shown at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition of 1876 is accompanied by a report prepared by Dr. J. Forbes Watson, of the India Office, on the progress of India in the last 20 years—namely, from 1858, when the Government was transferred from the East India Company to the British Crown, to the last year 1877. In those 20 years, he says, India has undergone a profound transformation. Two causes have mainly contributed to bring about this result—the gradual progress of education, and the extraordinary development of means of communication. The expenditure on education, as far as the Government is concerned, has increased fourfold, and now exceeds a million sterling in the year, and the number of pupils has increased from about 200,000 in 1857, to about 1,700,000, and is rapidly increasing. Small as this number may seem, it being below 1 per cent. of the population, it shows extraordinary progress, and proves that education is beginning to affect the masses. At any rate, it compares favourably with the number in other semi-civilised countries; the school attendance in Russia is about the same. The progress of education in India is also shown by the increasing number of graduates of the Universities of the three Presidencies, and the large number of pupils in the special engineering, art, and medical schools; and equally striking is the rapid growth of the native Press and literature. But the results of the progress of education are at present valuable chiefly as the promise of a better

future, when the present generation shall have grown up. The changes wrought by improved means of communication have been, on the other hand, almost instantaneous, and have already transformed the whole face of the country. The length of railways open in 1857 was 274 miles; in 1876 it had become 6,497 miles. The passengers carried in 1857 were 1,825,000; there were 26,779,000 in 1875. The miles of telegraphs increased from 4,162 miles to 16,649 miles; the letters and packets conveyed by post from less than 29 millions to more than 116 millions in the year. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 also marks a turning-point in the trade of India and the East generally. The revenue of India has advanced from £31,691,000 in 1857 to £55,422,000, Imperial and provincial, in 1877; the expenditure from £31,609,000 to (estimated) £61,382,000 in 1877. The excess of expenditure over income in 1877 is due partly to the famine and partly to the outlay on remunerative public works. Adding together the cost of public works, of education, and of surveys and other scientific operations, we find about £10,000,000 now yearly spent by the Government in India for the permanent improvement of the country and its people. The trade and shipping returns show a vast increase in wealth and prosperity. The tonnage entered and cleared in the foreign and coasting trade was 4,549,000 tons in 1857, and rose to 9,887,000 tons in 1875. The value of the imports was £28,608,000 in 1857, and £48,697,000 in 1877; of the exports £26,591,000 and £62,975,000 respectively. These figures include treasure as well as merchandise. The imports of treasure amounted in the twenty years, 1858-77, to £267,582,677, but the exports of treasure to only £28,804,567, showing an increase in the precious metals to the amount of nearly £239,000, or about £1 for every head of population in the whole of British and Native India. The imports of merchandise have risen from £14,000,000 to £37,000,000 in the 20 years, an increase of 163 per cent.; the exports of Indian produce and manufactures from somewhat over £25,000,000 to £59,000,000, an increase of 133 per cent.; the total of imports and exports of merchandise showing an increase of 140 per cent.

DEEP-SEA LIFE.—Mr. Moseley, the naturalist on board the Challenger, published a paper on the colouring matters of various animals, especially of deep-sea forms, in which are mentioned some interesting facts referring to light in ocean depths. It has been proved that light has no effect on sensitized paper at a depth of sixty fathoms, and it is probable that there is no effect of solar light at from 1,000 to 2,000 fathoms. Two blind decapod crustaceans were dredged up in the Challenger expedition at a depth respectively of 450 and 490 fathoms, and other forms at various depths were found to be without the eyes possessed by their shallow-water congeners. Other animals, however, living in very deep water, have enormously large eyes; hence it seems fair to infer that some kind of light must exist. Several of the deep-sea Lophoid fishes were found to have the dangling lure over their heads, such as the angler has, enormously developed. With regard to the light there is at such depths, Mr. Moseley mentions that all the deep-sea Alcyonarians dredged up were highly phosphorescent, and suggests there are probably large areas peopled by these, so that probably there are illuminated patches in the ocean with dark tracts between. He further threw out this very interesting idea—that it is quite conceivable that animals might exist to which obscure heat-rays might be visible, and to such even men and animals generally would appear constantly luminous.

BILLIONS.—Some curious statements and calculations lately appeared in the "Times" correspondence as to the popular notion of high numbers, such as millions, billions, and trillions. Mr. Bessemer said that he did not think any clear conception of a billion could be formed. Other correspondents gave the following facts:—A single thickness of sovereigns spread over the floor of a room 71 feet 6 inches square is almost exactly one million. If, instead of being neatly laid in rows, the sovereigns are placed as closely as possible, a million will just cover the floor of a room 67 feet 6 inches square. Mr. M. Hawkins Johnson writes: "The difficulty of comprehending the idea of a billion is scarcely so great as Mr. Bessemer would have us suppose. A shot one-tenth of an inch in diameter is an idea readily grasped. It would take exactly one million of such shots to make a ball 10 inches in diameter, and a billion of such shots would make a globe 83 feet 4 inches in diameter, which, although it may be called large, is not beyond ordinary comprehension." Mr. Lockwood writes: "In addition to Mr. Bessemer's interesting dissection of a billion, it may be mentioned that a billion changes may be rung on fifteen bells, or fifteen persons may dine together a billion times without sitting twice in the same relative position by merely changing a chair at each dinner."